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"What fools these Mortals be!"

Puck

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"SENATORIAL COURTESY."



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Editor - - - - - H. C. Bunner.

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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

AS TO A RESPONSIBILITY.

IT CAN NOT be too often said, for it is only putting the blame where it belongs, that for all the misgovernment and political wrong-doing that we have to complain of in this city and state of New York, the responsibility lies fairly and squarely at the door of the Republican party and the futile amateur reformers. Nor will there be any bettering of the situation until this is so generally understood that these people can no longer divert attention from their unpatriotic conduct by their wild howls against the sins and shortcomings of the Democrats. Talking of Tammany's wickedness can not wipe out the fact that Tammany owes her power to the determination of the Republicans and the amateur reformers of the People's Municipal League variety not to vote for solid Democratic anti-Tammany candidates. They will vote for anti-Tammany candidates, but only if they are Republicans or Independents; and Republican and Independent candidates can not be elected in this solidly Democratic city, and not often in this normally Democratic state.

The people who are most guilty in this matter — and they ought to be reminded of their guilt as often as possible — are the people who are everlastingly crying out that national politics ought not to enter into municipal and state affairs, and who yet refuse to accept a situation which is as plain as day; a situation not to be lied out of or argued around. As between two straight Democrats, the New Yorkers, (to consider the case of the city alone,) have shown, in the famous Hewitt campaign, that they will elect the one who does *not* represent Tammany Hall. As between a Tammany Democrat and a Republican or a Half-Breed, they have shown, over and over again, that they much prefer the Tammany man. The fact is, New Yorkers are Democrats, and they mean to be governed by Demo-

crats; and any movement that looks to putting Republicans, Mugwumps or Prohibitionists in power is as futile and absurd as it would be to try to mop up the Hudson River with a huckabuck towel. The New Yorkers won't have it, and they seem less and less inclined to have it as the years roll on.

This being the case, what is the duty of the citizen who "believes in" good government and in the separation of national and local issues? Surely it is to begin the separation at once, and to make the beginning right in his own vote, in the interest of good government. He need not try to sneak out of the duty that confronts him by saying that he wants a non-partisan government. He can be as non-partisan as he pleases himself; but nothing he can do will change the fact that all the choice of candidates he has is a choice between different kinds of Democrats.

He may say that it ought n't to be so. We respond, that discussion of that point is futile. It *is* so, and it would require the re-education of a whole people and the remodeling of their system of laws to alter the complexion of things. The case as it stands is the case as it will stand, in all human probability, for the lifetime of any man who can vote to-day. Now, assuming this to be true, is it not the plain, decent, American duty of every good citizen in the minority to accept loyally and frankly the position in which he finds himself; and, having only a choice between Democratic candidates, to make that choice with a view to getting such Democratic officials as are least bound by narrowing factional ties and least hampered by the power of self-constituted political managers who acknowledge no direct responsibility to the people?

Well, how do the Republicans and the Independents meet this plain duty? Why, by scolding at Tammany Hall and nominating candidates of their own political faith who could n't be elected if they had their pockets full of miracles. What good do they do? None. What end do they accomplish? Perpetuating the power of Tammany Hall by wasting the votes that might elect an anti-Tammany Democrat. Was there ever a more ridiculous and childishly silly movement than the absurd, aimless, useless candidacy of the Mr. Einstein who was hauled out of black oblivion to wriggle a few days in public as a dummy candidate for Mayor against Mr. Thomas F. Gilroy?

The individual citizen who does this sort of thing is rather blind and spiteful than intentionally treacherous to the commonwealth. But what shall we say of the Republican party leader who deliberately and for selfish private ends deals a Democrat into office who could in no other way be foisted upon the public — Democratic as that public is? Republicans may answer this question for themselves. And whatever there is to say, they may say it to Mr. Thomas Collier Platt, of Ithaca, if Judge Isaac H. Maynard sits on the bench at the end of this campaign.



A STRAIGHT TIP.

VETERAN, DEAR veteran, just pray make no mistake!
Keep down your choler and your tie; time for reflection
take.
Don't rail at Cleveland nor at Smith, at Lochren cease
to rave;
You saved your country's honor once; this time *your*
honor save.

The long roll beat upon your drum, but see its time is right;
That other roll — have no beats there; they've put you in this plight.
Leave them to work their dirty schemes, but let them go their way;
The Roll of Honor's what you want — log-rolling will not pay!

Roe L. Hendrick.

THE RULING PASSION — Kaiser William's.

THE WAGE-EARNERS of sin never strike for shorter hours.

IT'S AN easy thing to be eloquent in the Opposition. What can beat a woman's or a Senator's tongue, in enlarging on that simple phrase, "I sha'n't!"

IT is all right to treat the rich and the poor alike; but the astute candidate knows where "mixed ale" will do as much good as champagne.

NOTICE.

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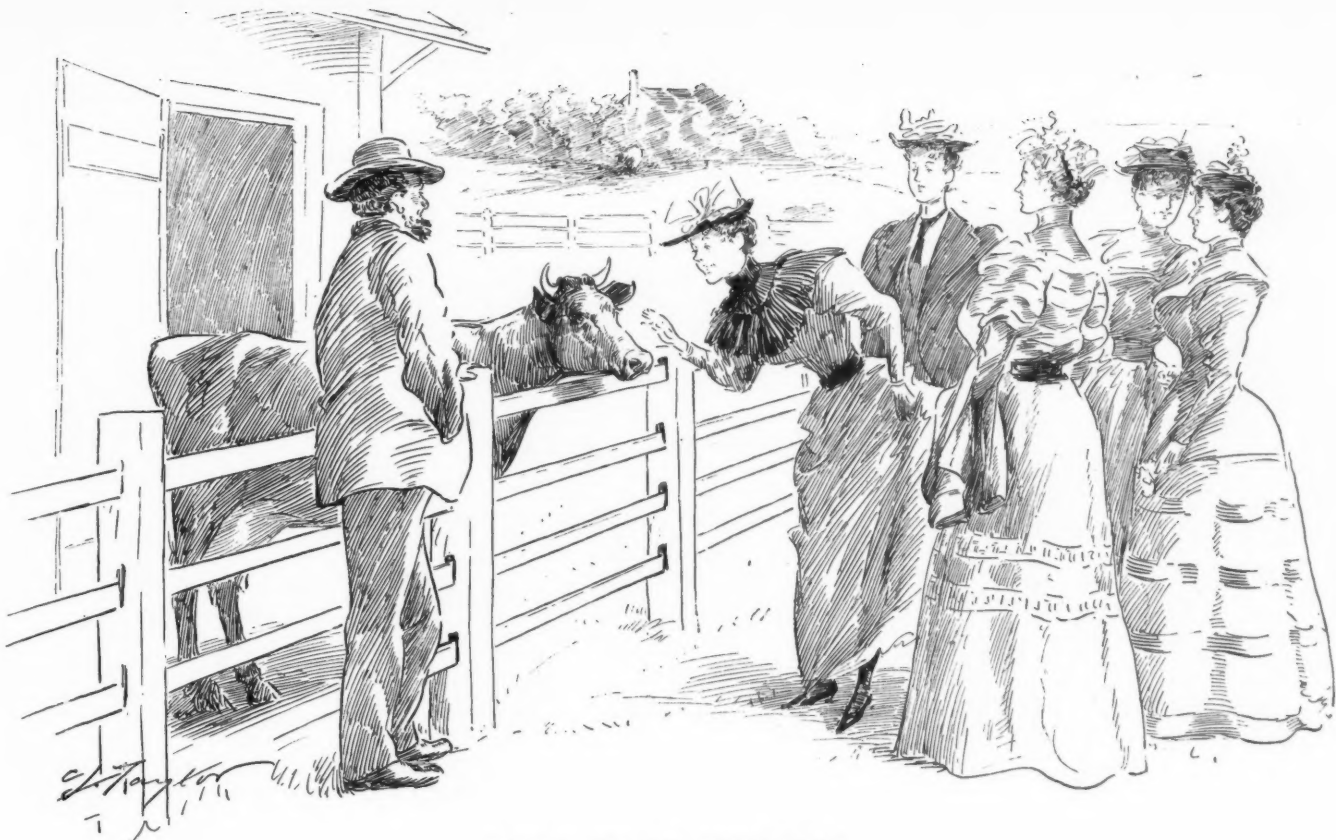
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TOO MANY LIKE HIM.

HARTY HALE.—Come in, old man, and we'll drink your good health!

WHEAKLEY PHEEBLE (*sadly*).—You can't do it, my boy. I drank my good health up years ago.



BOUND TO BE ASTOUNDED.

MR. STOCKFARM (*showing the ladies his fancy cattle*).—And here is my pet Jersey—she averages two hundred quarts of milk the year round.
 MISS TOWNBRED (*with great cheerfulness*).—Oh, my! Just think of it, girls—two hundred quarts of milk in one day! How wonderful!
 STOCKFARM (*looking disgusted*).—No, no, young lady; not in a *day*—two hundred quarts in a week.
 MISS TOWNBRED (*in nowise disconcerted*).—Oh, my! How truly wonderful!

INNOVATIONS IN SPORT.



THIS is an age of novelty,
 And yet it seems most strange
 That many sports we often see
 In some outlandish change.

Now polo is a game of rank,
 Belonging to the green;
 And yet in water in a tank
 It's very often seen.

As inconsistent it would be,
 And as absurd, I trow,
 To have a fox hunt on the sea,
 Or play croquet in snow.

They do in sport such funny things,
 That now the prospect's fair
 For bicycles, equipped with wings,
 To circle in the air.

We yet may have a lot of fun,
 All cark and care to drown,
 When chess is played upon the run
 And tennis sitting down.

And cricket—e'en that game of gloom
 That makes most people sick,
 May gain a temporary boom
 Conducted on a creek.

We have machines on land to row—
 The record soon to crack,
 They'll make the trotter faster go
 With sails upon his back.

Foot-ball may be in parlors played,
 And, in Time's blooming course,
 The ball fiend we may see arrayed
 For play upon a horse.

Away with innovations all
 In every game and sport!
 Upon the diamond green of ball,
 Upon the track and court!

If many sports our hearts shall win,
 And prove they've come to stay,
 They e'er must be conducted in
 The ordinary way.

R. K. M.



A FATAL ERROR.

BORROWES.—Nelly, hand me my umbrella, will you? It has commenced to rain.

MRS. B.—I lent your umbrella to Mr. Sweetfern, last night.

BORROWES.—What in thunder did you do that for? Did n't you know it was *his*?

A COMING ATTRACTION.

"Johnson's new drama is a play within a play, and there's a stage within a stage."

"What's the plot?"

"The hero is an actor, who, in a play, jumps into the river to commit suicide, when the river takes fire and nearly burns him to death."

A VICTORY.



HERE HAD already been six agents bothering her since eight o'clock that morning. She had bought two five-cent, machine-embroidered mats for fifty cents, from the Persian lad earning his way through college, so that he could return to his native land as a missionary; and she had wasted three-quarters of an hour in attempting to convince the man with the combination step-ladder, ironing-board, wash-tub-bench, card-table and piano-stool, that she did not care for his article.

She had bought a fan-shaped paper of pins from the blind man, although she had four others exactly similar, and she had listened patiently to all of the reasons why she should subscribe for the new art-work, delivered in monthly parts, at only half-a-dollar a part. The baking-powder man had induced her to buy a sample can of his new "Up in a Balloon" brand; and, when a well-dressed man with a smirk on his face, and a large, square bundle under his arm, pushed past her into the little parlor and seated himself, she felt it was high time that something was done.

"I have here, Madam," began the bland individual, following as nearly as he could remember it, the printed Method of Arousing Interest, which came with the Agent's Outfit, while he opened the book in his hand at the title page, "a book which no mother should be without. It is called 'The Kid's Health; or, the Mother's Guide,' and contains, as you see, important articles on food, sleep, teething,—"

"Yes," interrupted the little woman, in a determined way; "how important that is! My baby has just cut her fourth tooth, and with every one so far she has had a different experience. The first one came through last May, and it seems to me that she was half sick for two months. Why, I used to sit up half of the night with her,—she was worse at night,—they always are, I guess, and I—"

"Yes," broke in the agent; "this book gives very concise rules,—"

"Rules! We broke all of ours the first week she began teething. She kept us awake all night and fretted all day, and finally, on Sunday morning—I remember that it was Sunday morning because we wanted to go to church and could n't—John says,—"

"That is very interesting, Madam; but—"

"John was feeling in her mouth, when he yelled out—"

"The book contains an important chapter on teething," began the man, striking a phrase in his regular speech; "and it—"

"Yes; if the first one had been as easy as the second we never would have minded them at all. The second one pricked through only a few days after the first; and, perhaps, it was because there were two forming at once that made her so sick. I have been told that as soon as the tooth begins to form,—"

"The chapter on tooth-forming diet," said the book man, "has—"

"Oh, she eats oatmeal now!" continued the little woman, calmly; "a bowlful at a time, and she's getting very strong on her feet, and—"

"Not to mention the hints on learning to walk," said the agent, finding another one of his phrases; but the little woman only looked at him pityingly, and resumed:



GREAT.

MRS. HOOKER (as she sees her daughter coming down the street with her fiancé).—Dolly has made a great catch; has n't she?

MRS. SAUERS.—Yes; he must weigh as much as three hundred pounds.

"I intend to try barley water as soon as I think she is getting tired of oat meal. But I did n't finish telling you about her teeth. I—"

"Really, my dear Madam, my time is valuable. Let me show you these drawings of—"

"Certainly; in one moment. Just let me bring my baby in and you can see for yourself how—"

When she got back there was only the mud on the carpet to mark the spot where the book agent had been, and the little woman went back to her kitchen with a triumphant look upon her face, and began to sing.

Marie Hunt-Hood.

VERY WEARING.



FOND MOTHER.—Here's a letter from George—he says he has n't much time to write, on account of the severe head-work he is doing. Poor boy, I'm afraid he'll study himself to death before he gets through college!



This is George, in the striped Jersey, doing some of the severe head-work, aforementioned.

NOT FOR HIS PALATE.



WANDERING WILLY (who has gotten a little off his route and strikes an Indian Reservation).—Look here, Squaw; I'm hungry an' I'm goin' to help meself right out o' that pot. Oh, yer need n't yelp; all the bucks are miles away!



WANDERING WILLY (as he lifts the lid).—Great Barleycorn! I sees dem everywhere!



THE SQUAW (as she puts the cover on the pot).—Huh! Dirty paleface thief no like snake stew.

AN EXASPERATING MAN.

EXASPERATING MAN (taking his seat in a waiting-room filled with listening ladies).—How do you do, Mrs. Gaddout? Charmed to meet you!

THE LADY BESIDE HIM.—Why, Doctor; what a pleasant surprise! And I was that moment thinking of one of your patients, dear little Mrs. Van Rearem.

EXASPERATING MAN.—And I am delighted to be able to inform you, mum, and mum, and mum, mum, mum, mum, mum.

THE LADY.—Oh, Doctor! You can't mean it!

THE EXASPERATING MAN.—I assure you, most remarkable case. Night before last, her husband, mum, mum, mum. Of course I flew instantly to the house; and, judge of my surprise—mum, mum, and mum, mum, mum—but, STRANGE TO SAY, mum, mum, and mum and mum, mum. I never heard of a similar occurrence.

M. S. B.

WILTS.—How did Bangem happen to make such a wreck of you?

BROKEUP.—I did n't know he was loaded.



ALL NECESSARY.

MR. BROADSTREET.—Here's a report of the Cricket Match, with two columns of the names of the society people in the grand stand, and nothing about the game.

HIS WIFE.—That's about all that people who go to cricket matches care to know.



NOTHING NEW.

CHARLEY FOOTLIGHTS.—Why, Wing! What are you doing away out here? What's afoot now?

WRIGHT WING (between his teeth).—Our Entire Company.

SWIFT.

ROCKWOOD.—That is the fastest yacht on American waters.

RIPLEY.—Is that so?

ROCKWOOD.—Yes. She never goes out for a cruise without a gay party and a load of all kinds of liquors on board.

WHAT HE HAD HOPED.

"Promises, like pie-crust, were made to be broken," said the Summer Girl, when she broke the engagement.

"Yes," said he, gloomily; "but in this case I had hoped the promise would be like some of the pastry at our boarding-house."

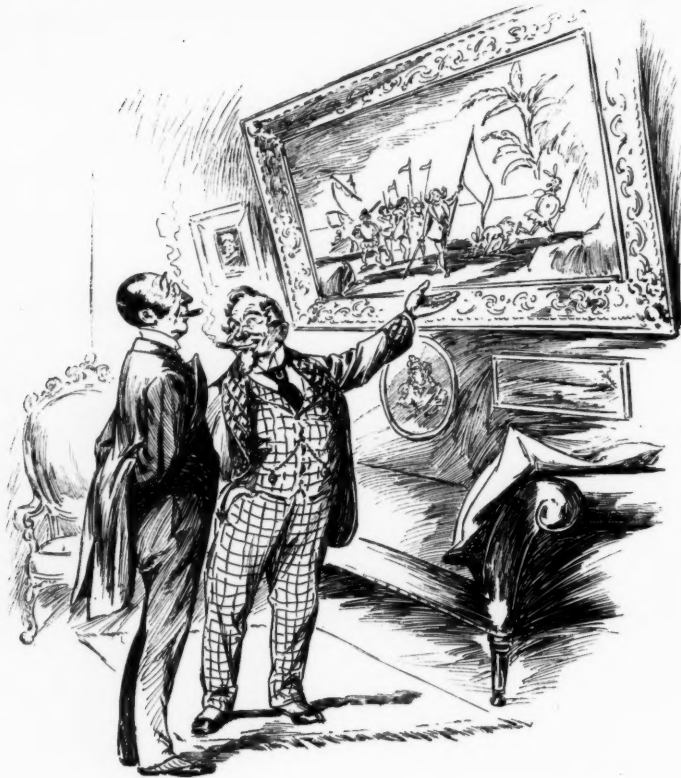
A PROUD PARENT.

"I tell ye, that son of mine is a chip of the old block," said Farmer Verigreen to a city visitor. "He's the greatest feller for gettin' buncoed you ever see. I used ter have lots of excitement that way afore I got too old to travel; but Jonas beats me all out 'n' out. Why, he got sucked in three times in one week at the World's Fair—ha, ha, ha! Oh, it makes me feel good to hear him tell of his advenchers—jest renovates my youth!"



DEAR YOUNG man in love, have you ever considered that the goddess, who hangs on your arm, might have been a 'longshoreman in a checked jumper, but for the accident of sex?

"CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS!"



BUNKER.—Ah!—"The Landing of Columbus;" a very fine painting, indeed, and very appropriate. Quite an expensive addition to your collection, I should say, Lakeside.



LAKESIDE.—Yes; it looks well, Bunker, does n't it? But see—you simply touch a spring in the wall, here, and the frame comes down, so, and makes a very comfortable bed—eh? Why, man, we got as much as ten dollars a night for that thing during the Fair!



HE ALWAYS ASKED "WHY?"

ONCE there was a boy who was never satisfied with the information given him.

He always came back at the informer with a "Why?"

If his father or mother told him to do anything, his invariable reply was the same monosyllable, followed by an interrogation point.

The habit clung to him even after he grew up, and it is said when he stood before the clergyman to be married, and the minister asked, "Wilt thou have this woman to be thy wedded wife?" the bridegroom-elect startled everybody by asking, "Why?"

You would have thought this would have broken him of the habit; but it did n't. He kept on asking "Why?" with a great deal of perseverance, until one day, a month or two ago, and then he got broken of the habit for good.

He was going along a street where a number of men were hoisting a safe to the fourth floor of an office building. He walked on the sidewalk beneath the hanging mass of metal. A man called out to him, in a loud voice:

"Get out of the way, quick!"

He stopped short, and said, inquiringly:

"Why?"

At that moment the safe fell on him.

No one answered his question. It would n't have been any use.



TO SAY the least, it is not natural for women to say the least.

THE SMALL bottle is "a big thing on ice."

A DANGEROUS MOTTO.

MISS BLEECKER.—Do you know? Mary Havisham has married that Charlie Goslin, after having broken her engagement to him three different times!

MISS HOUSTON.—She evidently believes in "Well shaken before taken!"

A MONARCH'S TRIALS.

MRS. BINGO.—The Rajah has one hundred and fifty wives. Women in his country must be very different from women here.

BINGO.—Perhaps not. Possibly he was compelled by law to marry that many.

PRESERVING THE PARITY.

BINKERTON.—Come over to the house to-night, old man. We're going to celebrate our silver wedding.

PILGARLIC.—Your silver wedding! Ain't you a little previous? Why, you've only been married fifteen years!

BINKERTON.—That's all; but silver is away below par now, you know.

A SAFE RULE.

"How do you keep your teeth so perfect?"

"I never buy tooth-powder from a dentist."

AN INSULT.

"Ah, Sim, old boy! got a letter?"

"Yes; and the idiot that wrote it ought to be shot for trying to write my first name in full."

"How's that?"

"Why, he spelled it S-i-m-i-a-n!"

THERE ARE many ideas regarding the proper way of addressing a paternal parent; but no one ever calls G. W. the "pa" or "papa" of his country.

PEOPLE WHO have to take certain ferries to Brooklyn wish that there were a little more water poured on the troubled oils.

AFTER ALL, the love-knot is the top-knot on the head of human happiness.



AN EXCUSABLE OMISSION.

HAD N'T AN eye for the groom that day,
Though I pitied him awfully,
With every one looking right his way—
That is, every one but me.

But, of course, 't was the bride they were looking at,
For who would n't have looked at her,
When to even a fellow as blind as a bat
Her beauty would have to occur?

But she was composed, and she was n't a fright;
She knew she was charming to see;
But the groom anybody would venture to slight,
And I could n't have looked at—me!

Roe L. Hendrick.

THE MAN OF LETTERS AS A MAN OF BUSINESS.*

W. D. HOWELLS.—O My Artistic Soul!

HIS ARTISTIC SOUL (*dreamily and far away*).—Why break
you in on my sublime reveries?

W. D. H.—The butcher's bill has come in.

H. A. S.—What is that to me? Leave me to my dreams.
(*Fades away.*)

W. D. H. (*louder*).—O My Artistic Soul!

H. A. S.—Once more? Why have you recalled me to earth?

W. D. H.—The baker's bill has come in.

H. A. S.—Go to, gross man! Etherial spirits that wallow in
divine afflatus care not for bread that nourisheth the body. They seek
only the bread of life. (*Fades again.*)

W. D. H. (*more loudly*).—O My Artistic Soul!

H. A. S.—What the blazes! Can't you leave me alone?

W. D. H.—The rent of the flat is due.

H. A. S.—You are the only flat I know of; and I hope I shall not
have to pay rent for occupying you.

W. D. H.—And I have a theme for a new realistic novel.

H. A. S.—Ha!

W. D. H.—Let us write it, and the business man in me will sell it to
a syndicate; and I shall be advertised on fences, bill boards and dead
walls as the author of a "Ten Thousand Dollar Novel."

H. A. S.—Ha!

W. D. H.—Then I'll write
an article for a magazine, re-
gretting it all, and so get
more advertising.

H. A. S.—Ha! Ha!

W. D. H.—Shall
we collaborate?

H. A. S.—Have at
you! Got plenty of paper
and pencils and news-
paper clippings ready?

W. D. H.—Bushels
of them!

H. A. S.—Good!
Oil up the type-writer
and limber your finger
joints. What is to be
the title of our new novel?

W. D. H.—"Mil-
dred's Longings; or, A
Nibble at Chalk." (*At
this the Artistic Soul Ha,
Ha's! some more, and
for the space of four
months nothing is heard
but the clicking of the
type-writer.*)

ITS CLAIMS TO
STATEHOOD.

STRANGER.—And
what makes you think
your young territory is ripe for Statehood?

NATIVE.—Well, our governor pardoned three murderers yesterday;
the territorial treasurer vamoosed the ranch a week ago; and the Legisla-
ture has increased its own salaries, and is dead-locked over a public relief
bill.

CONFIDENCE in our banking institutions, dear Augustus, has not been
lost, though it has, in some instances, been sadly misplaced.

IT is the man who wears Congress gaiters who wonders how the shoe-
string seller makes a living.

* See Scribner's Magazine for October.



A TEMPORARY INCONVENIENCE.

EASTERN TOURIST.—Waiter, bring me some sugar, please!

WAITER.—There ain't but three lumps in the house, cap—
you kin have 'em as soon as them gents gits through with 'em—
they've got 'em marked, an' they're shakin' dice with 'em!

WOOL.—I sent that runaway horse over to the hospital this morning.
VAN PELT.—Hurt himself?

WOOL.—Nope; their horse was lame, and they wanted to
borrow him to drive on the ambulance.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS agitation is a sort of sewing-machine
politics.

STRIKING is confoundedly hard work when the police
get interested; and the pay is miserably small, too.

BY THE time it strikes us here below, the silver lining
of the cloud turns out to be merely fog.

HE WHO aspires to tread the boards
Discovers oft, to his surprise,
That on his arduous journey toward
That point, he'll often tread the ties.



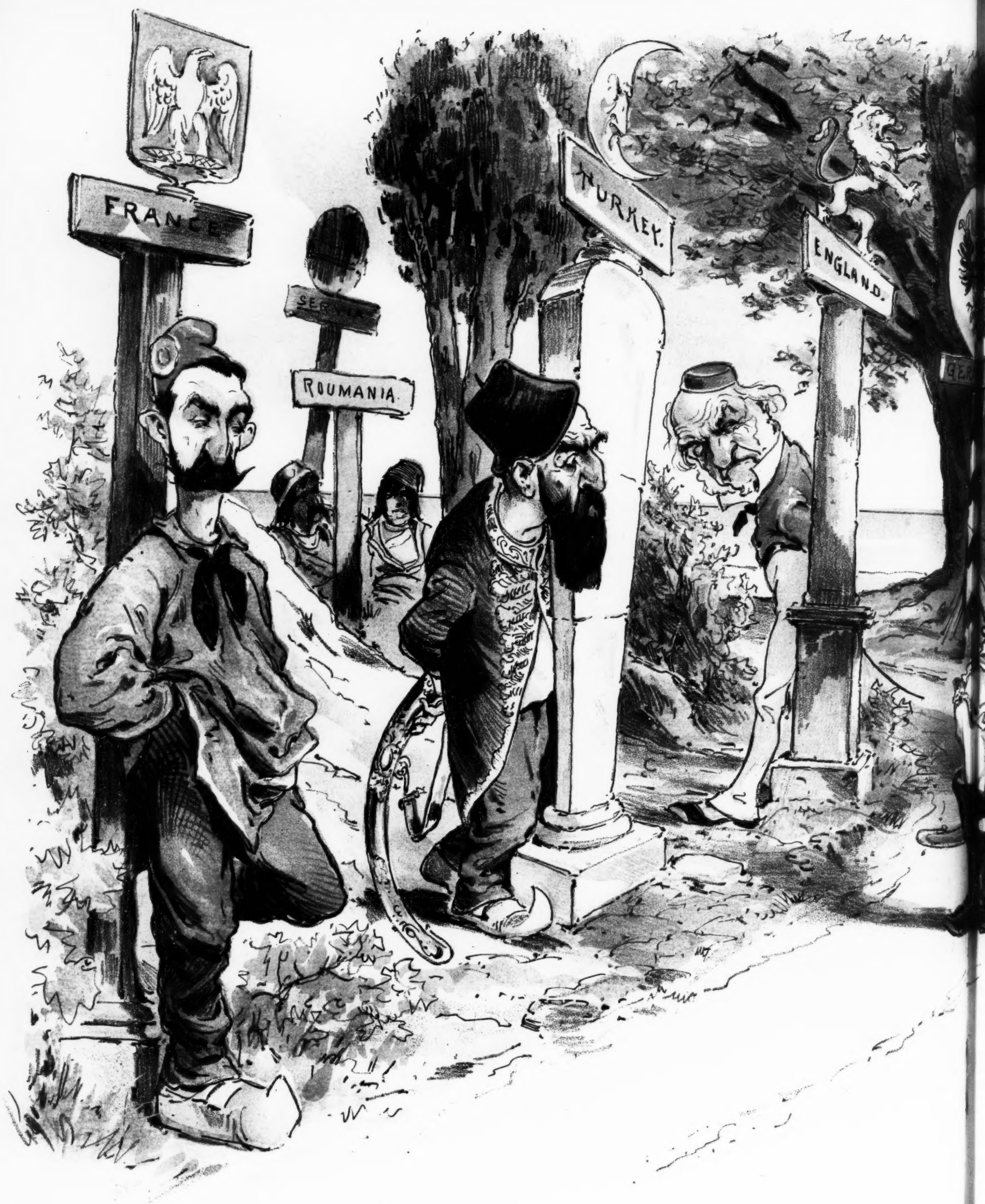
A GREAT RESUSCITATOR.

MRS. GETTALL (*as she falls exhausted*).—John,
I positively can not go another step to save my life.

MR. GETTALL.—I'm so sorry; for there's a
place where they are giving out hot biscuits and—



MRS. GETTALL (*making a dash*).—WHERE? Come,
quick! They'll be all gone before we get there!







TIME TO CALL A HALT.

CLERK.—I'd like to get away to-morrow, sir, to attend the funeral of my grandfather.

EMPLOYER.—Mr. Bleachboard, this makes the eighth relative you've lost this season, and they've all been buried on the day of some base-ball or foot-ball game. You may go this time; but please have their funerals on Sunday, hereafter!



FIRST TIME ON RECORD.

WAS PARALYZED to-day;
You'll excuse me when I say
'T was because a girl I know
Made a bet a week ago;
And this morning that girl showed
Up and paid me what she owed!

G. P. T.

JUSTICE STUFFY.—What is the charge against this coon?

O'TOOLE.—Violation of the game laws, yer honer.

JUSTICE STUFFY.—What has he been shooting?

O'TOOLE.—Craps.

THE RETIRED sea-captain, who set up his carriage and demanded on his armorial bearings the crest of a wave, took his order to a painter of marines.

A GIRL WILL never forgive a fellow whom she has jilted for making a success of life.

IF WOMAN really loves but once, her "love of a bonnet" must be a horrible guy by the time she gets into the forties.



BAGNEES THE ROADSTER.—Well, I do hate insincerity!

BLAVATSKY VERIFIED.

Jim vindicated the doctrine of re-incarnation, one day last week. Incredible as it may sound, he was born in Chicago, but in a prior life he must have existed in Boston. Here is the proof:

He had struck his little sister. His mother explained to him the enormity of the offense. Then she applied her slipper. When the howls had died down a little, she pictured to him his probable fate if he were to continue in his evil courses.

"I knew of a boy," she said, "who used to strike everyone. When he grew up he struck a man, and the blow killed him. Then the man who had killed him was hung."

"Shou — Shou — Should n't you," sobbed the culprit, "s-s-a-y — 'hanged'?"

Kate M. Cleary.

OH, THE sere and yellow leaflet
From the gray branch drifts away,
And no more the doves upon the rose-tree coo;
And a sentimental grieflet
Doth upon our feelings pray,
For our box-coat's faded, sere, and yellow, too.



A DISAGREEMENT.

SHE.—Mrs. Robinson's health seems to be very poor.

HE.—Well, people of sedentary habits can't expect good health!

SHE.—What do you mean? She's on the go nearly all the time.

HE.—Nonsense! She's continually sitting on her husband.

APPRECIATIVE.

WOOL.—What's the matter with your eye?

VAN PELT.—Tried to convince an Irishman that a four-leaf clover was a shamrock.

WOOL.—I thought the four-leaf clover brought good luck.

VAN PELT.—It does; did n't I get away alive?

CUT DOWN IN YOUTH — Whiskers.

THE TRAIN-ROBBER would fain have departed, but his wife clung to him desperately.

There was a wild fear in her eyes.

"Good-by, darling," he murmured.

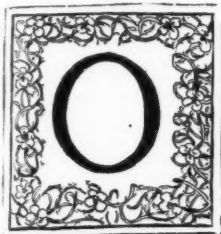
"Oh, I'm so afraid!" the woman cried, piteously; "with all the wrecks they're having on the railroads, now!"

A shade swept over his strong, rugged features.

"I know it," he replied; "and after this trip I am going to quit the business."

Reassured in a measure, she bade him farewell.

BRIDGET O'FLANNAGAN ON THE EVOLUTION OF THE EARTH.



OKIN tell yez, Mollie Moriarty, that Oi've been sthrooglin wid soience since Oi saw yiz lasht, fur Oi've wint wid Moike from Chaos to Man; an shure am Oi that soience an mesilf don't agree at all, at all.

To shtart out, we're tould that befor the beginnin av the world there was nothin but imtiness, an fwat Oi'd loike to ashk is, fwere they put the imtiness into. Niksht cam gas an sootch loike, out av fwich iverything that is was made, but shlowly an be degray; an it's

aisy enoof to belave that was the originashun av soom folks. Niksht cam clouds—rid-hot iron clouds, thootherin an hiss in an booblin, till they cooled down intil a shell outside an molten foire widin; an if ye'll belave it, Mollie Moriarty, the world yiz are shtandin on is nothin but a croosht of shtones, an foire in the hart av it; an since Oi've hard it, Oi've gone thrimblin fur fare soom av thim tall buildins wud brake throo the thin places. From fwich yiz kin joodge fur yersilf that soience is very oppsittin.

But to go back nare the beginnin; matthers wint on improvin till, in coorse av toime, afther the wather had got sittled into its place an the land loikewise—only wid occasional quakins an shakins that turned the rocks an iverything wrong soide oop—vijitashun began to floorish, thin riptoiles was made, thin other monsthrus craythers that did n't look loike anything human. Wan av thim had the grather part av his brains in the middle av his backbone, in fwich he was better off than soom folks that has n't any backbone to put the brains intil, if they possissed thim; an anoother had an oi fifteen inches long. Think av that, Mollie Moriarty, an be thankful, whiniver yiz are dispodged to complain av the sharp-soightedness av a misthriss wid an oi on her not aven wan inch in soize.

Not long befor the apparens av man, cam a toime whin the arth was covered wid oice, an, in Alasky an oother haythinish places, there's acres av the same roonin round loose to the prisint day. In considherashun av fwich, the proices the oicemin charge is consheensliss, whin the folks oop there wud be plased to give it away joosht fur the cartin off. But blissins is very unavinly distributed. Foinally, afther the oice, fwich they called glazers, because it rubbed things smooth, was partly clared away, man appeared, an he's gone on apparin iver since.

M. Bourchier Sanford.



CAUGHT IN THE NET.

MISS BROWNBERRY.—Mr. Hovey is simply superb with a racket; his movements are the very poetry of motion. Don't you think so?

MR. OTTO SIGHT.—Most assuredly; he's a regular lawn Tennyson.



WHAT MADE HIM TIRED.

VISITOR.—Don't you get awfully tired answering questions?

GUARD.—There is one question that has become awfully tiresome.

VISITOR.—What's that?

GUARD.—The one you just asked.

ALWAYS A SAFE PREDICTION.

WEATHER PROPHET.—How are the indications to-night?

ASSISTANT.—Mighty uncertain. I hardly know what kind of a report to send out.

WEATHER PROPHET.—Nothing easier. Make it "fine weather, with local rains and thunder-storms." That's always safe. If it's fine, we hit it right; and if it rains, that's one of our local storms. See?

INSECTORIA.

SMYTHE.—Is your son James a gold-bug?

TOMPKINS.—He tried to be; but mistook himself entomologically.

SMYTHE.—What do you mean?

TOMPKINS.—Well, after several drops in Wall Street, he concluded that he was more of a tumble-bug.

A POST-NUPTIAL DISCOVERY.

"Why don't you want me to call you 'dear'?"

"Because it makes me feel so cheap."



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PATIENT MAN (with newspaper, to stranger).—Will you kindly let me know, sir, when you have finished the article you are reading? I've gone three blocks past my street already.

SAIDSO.—Mrs. Medders reminds me of the old hen who sat on ducks' eggs.

HERDSO.—How?

SAIDSO.—Her children are all in the swim, and she is n't.

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"No; you would n't. But the scene is laid on a steamer; and he does n't even hint that 'the engines pulsated like the throb of a mighty heart.'"



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WHEELS IN HIS HEAD.
ASKER.—Did you see the Ferris wheel at the Fair?
ONEDAY.—Oh! I did n't notice it particularly; but they had all makes in the gallery of the Transportation Building. — *World's Fair Puck.*

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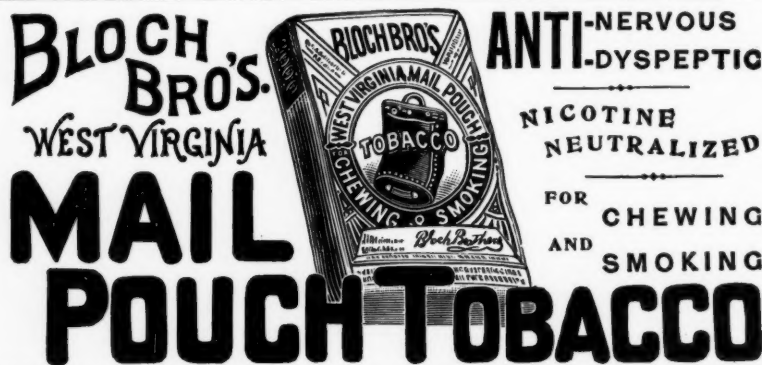
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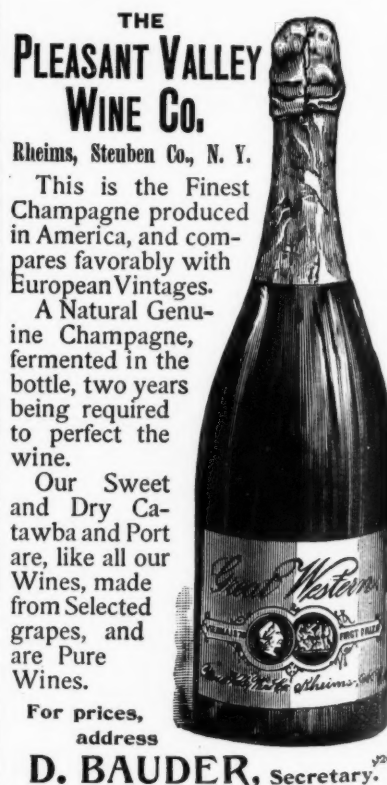
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Them sarpints jest give me the shakes!"
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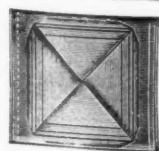
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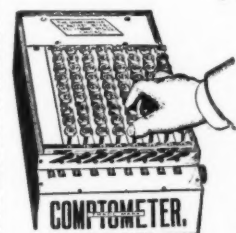
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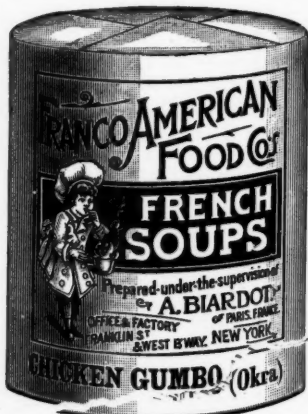
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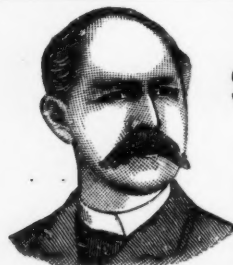
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With nerves unstrung and heads that ache
Wise women Bromo-Seltzer take.

Send Money by Registered Mail.



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TERRY.—Sure, it 's disappointed I am in the Blarney Stone!

FLYNN.—Did yez kish it?

TERRY.—I did not. Sure, they have n't the genuine article. It 's only a shamrock that they do be havin'.—World's Fair Puck.

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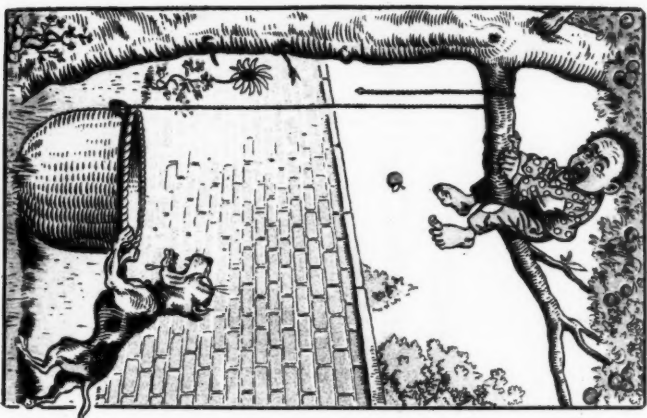
THIS world would never once be glum,
'T would know no cloud or blighting ray,
If gold but had the wings to come
Like those it has to fly away.

World's Fair Puck.

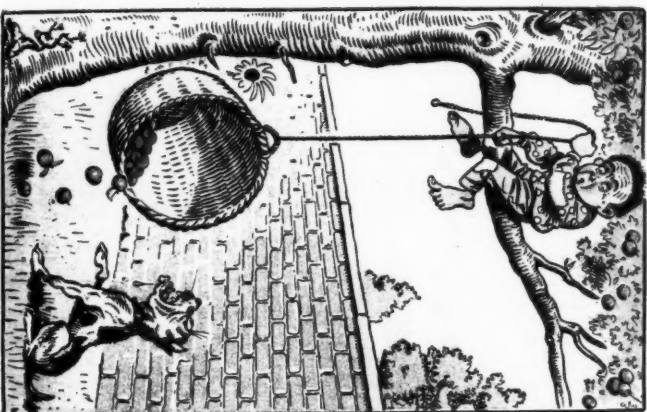
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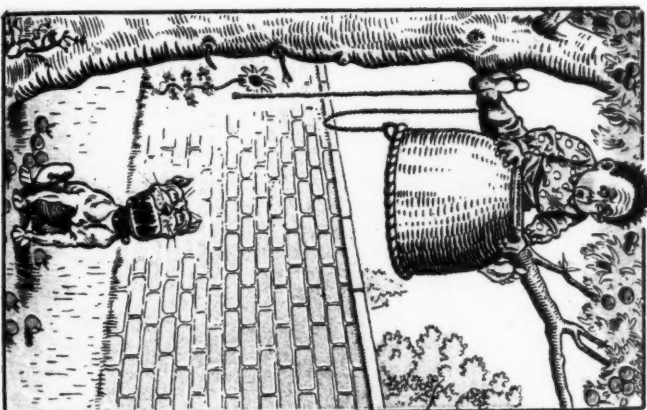
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(1) This wise was Albertus Leroy
Trapped and treed to his annoy.



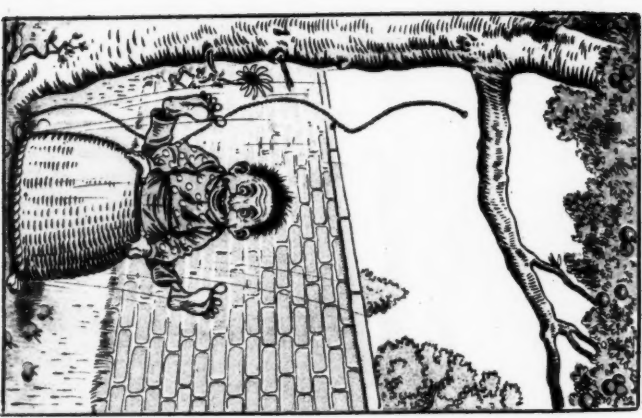
(2) When scared and shaking he drew up
His basket from the savage pup.



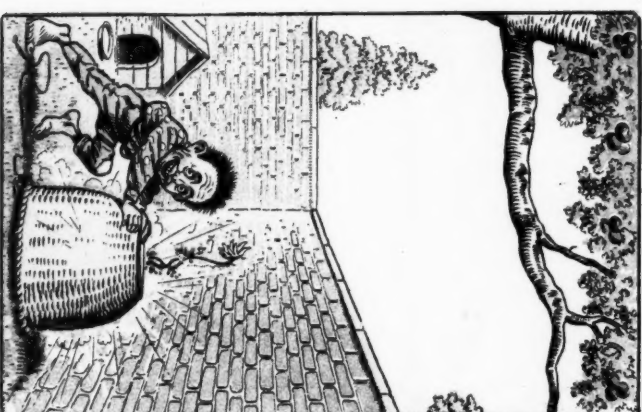
(3) Then through his brain a desperate plan
To turn the tables quickly ran



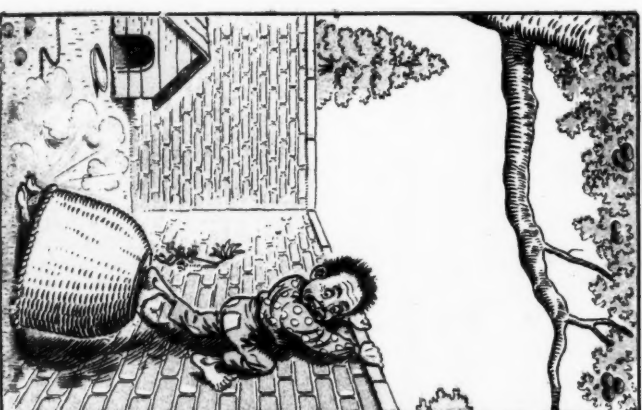
(4) The basket down, himself on top,
While the dog watched not, he did drop.



(5) Full and fair he struck his mark,
And held him down and let him bark.



(6) And then with shouts of boyish glee
He pushed his pris'ner from the tree,



(7) Toward the thick and high brick wall,
And scrambled up without a fall.



(8) "Good-by; go bite some other boy,"
This wise quoth Albertus Leroy.

AN IDYL OF AN AUTUMN DAY.